THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

SIGNS OF GRACE.

Come thou, my heavy soul, and lay
  Thy sorrows all aside,
And let us see, if so we may,
  How God is glorified.

Forget the storms that darkly beat,
  Forget the woe and crime,
And tie of consolations sweet
A posie for the time.

Some blessed token everywhere
  Doth grace to men allow;
The daisy sets her silver share
  Beside the rustic's plough.

The wintry wind that naked strips
  The bushes, stoopeth low,
And round their rugged arms enwraps
  The fleeces of the snow.

The blackbird, idly whistling till
  The storm begins to pour,
Finds ever with his golden bill
  A hospitable door.

From love, and love's protecting power
  We cannot go apart;
The shadows round the fainting flower
  Rebuke the drooping heart.

Our strivings are not reckoned less,
  Although we fail to win;
The lily wears a royal dress,
  And yet she doth not spin.

So, soul, forget thy evil days,
  Thy sorrow lay aside,
And strive to see in all his ways
  How God is glorified.

—Alice Cary.

THE PACIFIC

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PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

Portland has some of the pay-as-you-enter cars in operation.

The pastor of the Green Street Church, San Francisco, reports a gift for the Anti-Saloon League work from the daughter of a saloon keeper.

California takes a big step forward in the enactment by the legislature of a bill which will abolish racetrack gambling.

The First Congregational Church of San Francisco notices a constant upward tendency financially. To the efforts of the church spiritually there is not the desired response.

The Rev. Mr. Guy, who has charge of the work the "Christian" Church is doing among the Japanese on the Pacific coast, expresses the judgment that "if the legislature at Sacramento would vote $100,000 to help Americanize the Japanese it would do more good than all the anti-Japanese agitation and legislation."

The secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society is expected in San Francisco soon from New York, and Chaplain Rowell is hoping that something important will be done at an early date toward the rebuilding of the Mariners' Church, and a resumption of his old-time work be made possible. Although far advanced in years Chaplain Rowell has yet much physical and mental strength, and he longs to be again in that work to which for half a century he devoted himself so earnestly and successfully.

Believing that the Rev. Dr. William Horace Day was the ideal man for the presidency of Pomona College, the Los Angeles Association of Congregational Churches appointed a committee to wait upon him, to persuade him if possible to accept the position. But Dr. Day after consideration declined the call. A friend writes us that the announcement of his declination, made to his church on Sunday morning, February the 7th, was greeted with prolonged demonstaration of approval. Dr. Day's conviction is that his work is in the pastorate; but that Pomona College offers a grand field for the right man.

The opening of the Panama canal will change the current of ocean commerce, writes Senator Perkins of California in The World Today. "The shortest waterway from England to Japan will be via Panama. The short line of sea traffic between western Europe and eastern America will be via the Isthmus. Following the great circles from Panama it will pass within 153 miles of San Francisco, and close by the Pacific coast of North America, swing below the Alaskan Peninsula and the Aleutian Islands to the ports of Japan. No regular steamship line of importance can afford to pass by San Francisco at such insignificant distance. It must be through sheer force of natural causes a port of call on what is destined to be the great ocean pathway of the world."

Gipsy Smith, the noted evangelist, promised some time ago to come to San Francisco some time next year if the churches would unite in evangelistic effort. They have so voted and correspondence will be entered into for the purpose of securing a date from the evangelist, whose time is now engaged mostly for two years. The St. Louis Christian Advocate speaks of his work in St. Louis as follows: "Friday night, when 7,000 people fought their way through one of the most fearful blizzards St. Louis ever encountered, the country at large realized what a tremendous grip this Gipsy has taken on St. Louis. Michael Angelo gave to the world a majestic monument and object lesson in St. Peter's at Rome and Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's in London, but the Lord, with an old smoky gipsy tent, is eclipsing them both. It was wonderful how the Holy Spirit, with a man like Paul, could have lifted His kingdom from the narrow confines of a little Syrian sea to the utmost limits of the great mid-earth or Mediterranean Sea, but it is more wonderful still that he could take a Gipsy boy, who never went to school a day in his life, and through him speak to and bless two hemispheres. There is heredity back of such a remarkable body as this man possesses. The father of Gipsy Smith has passed his three score and ten without a gray hair on his head, and as erect as a West Point cadet. He weighs 240 pounds, and can still pick up a man in each hand and bump their heads together as if he was handling Indian clubs. To speak to 15,000 people, as this Gipsy son is doing daily, requires not only intellect and heart, but capacity for extraordinary physical endurance. With the body of an athlete, he has a marvelously musical voice, and is such a master of assemblies that he plays upon and with the vast audiences as one of the old masters on a great pipe organ." The St. Louis Daily Rupublic said in one of its leading editorials: "It bespeaks no lagging regard for Christianizing effort that there is such a numerical response. Of the effectiveness of the work there is no question, either. Men and women of all ages, classes and inclinations have yielded to the spell of potent oratory which is re-enforced by the charm of a remarkable personality. In many hearts there have been rekindled fires that have long smoldered and in others the flame of religious zeal and moral force has been fanned to a larger glow. In encouragement of the movement and the efforts of the evangelist too much may not be said, too much may not be done." In considering the things which have contributed to the results which have been achieved in these meetings in St. Louis, the Christian Evangelist speaks of Gipsy Smith as "a Moody and Sankey combined—a strong, forceful preacher, and a remarkably sweet singer." And with Paul, he can say, 'I know him in whom I have believed.' Christ Jesus came to his gipsy tent and transformed his life, and he believes that what Jesus did for him, he can do for others." San Francisco is to be congratulated in that Gipsy Smith has promised, with all his pressing calls, to arrange for a series of meetings here.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Electrical fire-boats have been put into service in Chicago.

More than 10,000 saloons were closed in this country in 1898.

It is said that among the foreign languages spoken in New York the Russian has the greatest number of speakers.

The government telegraph lines in France take night messages of not less than fifty words for one fifth of a cent a word. The messages are delivered early in the morning. The plan is found of great value to business men.

The president of the French Republic receives $120,000 a year; the president of the United States $50,000; the king of England, $3,000,000; the emperor of Germany, $4,000,000; the sultan of Turkey, $7,500,000; the czar of Russia, $10,000,000.

A fire brick made from ashes is a new Michigan product. "The ashes are united by a powerful binder, molded, and the product conveyed straight to the drying room." It is claimed that the brick have been tested in fire and water with satisfactory results.

Wireless telegraphy being the means of saving the 1200 passengers on board the steamship Republic recently disabled by a collision in the Atlantic by bringing another vessel a long distance to her aid, congress has now for consideration a bill requiring all vessels bound for a foreign port five hundred miles or more distant to be equipped with wireless apparatus and an experienced operator.

The enrollment at the following named universities in 1908 exclusive of the summer enrollment was: Michigan 4,637, Columbia 4,540, Minnesota 4,355, Harvard 4,336, Cornell 4,246, Pennsylvania 4,223, Illinois 4,052, New York 3,457, Yale 3,448, Wisconsin 3,237, California 3,199, Syracuse 3,084, Northwestern 2,992, Nebraska 2,921, Chicago 2,663, Ohio 2,122, Missouri 2,220, Iowa 2,122, Kansas 1,866, Stanford 1,532, Indiana 1,367, Princeton 1,314, Western Reserve 1,016, Virginia 757, Johns Hopkins 698.

Indiana is following well after Ohio in voting out the saloons under the county option law. Up to Wednesday of last week twelve had voted and all with majorities against the saloon, ranging from 600 to 3000. A leading brewer predicted soon after the law was enacted that 85 of the 92 counties would vote "dry" if the law were allowed to stand. It looks now as if it would stand, though the legislature is still in session, and a most determined effort is being made for its repeal and the substitution of a law applying only to precincts. There are now 37 counties in Indiana that are dry, 25 having voted so under the old law.

The following statements are made by the Pittsburgh Bulletin concerning vagrancy: "Conclusions just reached after official inquiry into the problem in New York emphasizes anew the appalling extent to which vagrancy has grown in this country. Passengers, employes, and the tramps themselves are constantly endangered by their illegal use of the railroads—an official of the Balitmore and Ohio stated last year that the railroads suffer a direct annual loss from vagrancy of $25,000,000. In the years from 1901 to 1905 nearly 24,000 trespassers on railroads were killed outright, over 25,000 were injured, and almost three-quarters of these were tramps. The charities officials of New York want the governor to recommend a law establishing State farm colonies for men. They declare that magistrates deal leniently with vagrants because they cannot distinguish between those who are out of work from choice and those who find no work. Besides, the workhouses are overcrowded. The farm colony would sift these two classes, attempting the reform of habitual vagrants and drunkards, and compensating and paroling those who show themselves to be industrious. Yet of the 60,000 cards issued by the Joint Application Bureau in the metropolis during the past four years only two per cent have been returned by applicants for the effective aid offered, and less than one per cent paid a second call for the chance to earn an honest living. The bread line should be abolished by law and the tramp should be put where he must sweat for his bread. That would be the merciful as well as the just way of dealing with them."

RAY PALMER.

Rev. John P. Trowbridge.

Hymns are connected with the religions of all nations, though, apart from the Hebrew and the Christian dispensations, their use has not been generally associated with the rites of public worship. Renan, in his "Studies in Religious History," tells us that Greece never had a sacred book or any symbols prepared for the preservation of her religious teachings. Her poets, artists, astrologers, and philosophers, may have been her instructors, but they were not her sacred hymnists. It did not fare much better with the Romans in their services of temple worship. Arnobius, however, speaks of morning and evening serenades sung with accompanying music at their great religious festivals. The Hindus have never allowed women to learn the sacred songs of the Vedas, but a certain class of priests chant such songs while the offering of the sacrifice of praise is being made. In all heathen nations, united assembles, held at regular intervals or hours for public worship, are quite uncommon. Individuals visit the temples at any time, prostrate themselves in silence before the idol, and then depart. There can be, therefore, no congregational singing in the Orient such as we enjoy in our churches here at home.

There were but few hymns written in our English tongue before the beginning of the seventeenth century, although some excellent sacred poetry had then been published. It was not of a lyrical character, and music suited to its best rendering was not in common use. But before the next century had ended a great change in psalmody and sacred music had been produced. The lyric fire was spreading over England. In the person of Isaac Watts, who was born in 1674, there appeared the real founder of English hymnology. His versions of the Psalms and his original hymns held undisputed sway in the Non-conformist churches of Great Britain for more than a century. Although the more conservative sometimes called them Watt's Whims" they were nevertheless widely sought for. He was to the men of that earlier period what Ambrose had been to the Latins, or what Luther was to the Germans. His associates and immediate successors include such illus-

trious writers as Wesley, Dodderidge, Cowper, Newton, Toplady, Bishop Ken, and that life-long sufferer, Anne Steele, who may be considered the first English woman to contribute hymns of great merit to the Church's treasury of song.

We, in our modern America, have not found ourselves unworthy of comparison with our elder brethren across the sea. Some of the best hymns in our language have been composed on our own shores. It was only a few months ago we observed with unexpected enthusiasm the centennial birthday of the author of "America",—probaly the best national hymn in any language, free from a military and boastful spirit and deeply pervaded with the sentiments of peace, patriotism, and a reverent expression of dependence on Almighty God. But, not to dwell on the work of Dr. Smith or other individual writers of American birth, let us glance a moment at the life of Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer. The centennial of his birth is also now recently passed. He is the most widely-known and deeply-loved hymnist our country has yet produced. As a translator he was also famous, bringing to us from the old Latin authors, and from the best literature of the Roman Church, some of the sweetest songs of the Christian centuries. Among these translations there is one of the finest of all the communion hymns —"Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts," from Saint Bernard of Clairvaux. Another, from an unknown Latin author, commences with those beautiful words of adoration, "O bread to pilgrims given," while still another opens with the vow, "I give my heart to Thee."

Dr. Palmer was born in the rural town of Little Compton, R. I., on Saturday, November 12, 1808. His parents were third cousins to one another, and had been closely acquainted since early childhood. His father was a member of the Rhode Island bar, a man of wide experience and deep culture, whose mind turned with fervor to the poetic literature of the past. The mother, a literal descendant, like her husband, from the Pilgrims, possessed a sweet religious experience,—of whom her grandson, the Rev. Charles Ray Palmer of New Haven, speaks: "She was one of those who by a felicity of natural endowment seemed to rise without any special helps to a higher level than was occupied by those about her." Austin Phelps, having in mind these inherited traits, declared that Ray Palmer was "a predestined hymn-writer," and no one cares to deny the truth of that declaration. The mother, of whom mention has just been made, died when Ray was but nine years old; yet so deep was the impression she left on his youthful mind that he said many years after: "My mother's sweet and lovely face has been a perpetual presence, even to a marvel. Through the half century since she was taken from us, that face has lived in my memory as if seen but yesterday. For days and weeks together it has seemed to be just above and before me,—looking on me with its old and tender smile. I have written thousands of pages with the feeling of having only to raise my eyes to catch her cheering glance." This fact alone may greatly aid in discovering the lofty sources of this gifted poet's imagination.

In 1823,—that summer when Byron set out for Greece, —Palmer entered Phillips Andover Academy, passing from that institution in 1826 to Yale College, and graduating with the class of 1830. He had already become a member of the Park Street Church, Boston, where his uncle resided, and where for a brief time his own home was made. The first five years after graduation were occupied with teaching and theological study, and it was not till May, 1835, that he was ordained and began his pastorate with the Central Congregational Church, Bath, Maine. Here he remained for fifteen years, only leaving the Pine-tree State because of an urgent call to settle with the Second Presbyterian Church in Albany. Here he again remained fifteen years, concluding at the end of that period his active work in the pastorate. Then, for twelve years he held the position of secretary of the American Congregational Union, —now the Church-Building Society. The evening of his long and busy life was spent at his home in Newark, N. J., where congenial labors occupied his time till he was called above at the end of March, 1887.

Dr. Palmer's most famous hymn is "My faith looks up to Thee." It is known all over the world, and has been translated into many languages. Its author was living at the time (1830) in New York City, engaged as a subordinate teacher in a young ladies' boarding school on Fulton street. His usually buoyant nature was disturbed by a perplexity and fear following a prolonged period of ill-health. A dreary December day was passing over the great city in which he felt himself to be a stranger. To ease his overburdened mind, and give vent to its pensive emotions, he seated himself at a little table and wrote without much effort this, his most beautiful hymn, ending the last stanza, as he afterwards admitted, with tears in his eyes. It was not published till two years later. Its true discoverer was Lowell Mason, who has enriched our church music beyond measure. The story is told that the two men, already old friends, met one day in the streets of Boston, when young Palmer was asked if he had not some hymn to contribute to a new tune-book that was in course of preparation. The little manuscript was submitted; its lines were hastily reviewed by the musician, a copy was taken, and the two friends parted, little dreaming what an event in the progress of the kingdom of God had transpired. On carefully reading the hymn at home by the evening lamp Dr. Mason was so greatly interested in it that he forthwith composed the tune of Olivet, to which the words are usually sung. A few days later the two men met a second time, and scarcely waiting to salute him, the doctor said, "Mr. Palmer, you may live many years and do many good things, but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of "My faith looks up to Thee." It first became widely popular in Great Britain, where it fell under the eye of Rev. Dr. Andrew Reed, who published it anonymously. Gradually it has found the place of distinction which it well deserves at the head of all the hymns yet given to the world by American hymnists.

From an English author comes to us this description of Dr. Palmer's closing moments: "During the last three or four days of his life, Dr. Ray Palmer lay most of the time apparently unconscious. The last words he was heard to utter were spoken not many hours before his death. His lips were seen to move, and listening ears caught a few syllables, in articulately spoken, of the last verse of one of his own hymns:

'When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art.'"

THE EMMANUEL IDEA IN ACTION.

By Chas. E. Chase.

The idea or fact of God realized in human relations to help and to save, cannot be claimed as the exclusive product or discovery of any one time or place. It is because the rector of a church by that name made definite and continuous application of a principle, a fact in experience, as old as men's consciousness of God, that we name the exercise of his faith with its resultant, the Emmanuel Movement. A form of faith that has intermittently appeared in the church, and life principles at least intimated in the literature of the past, Dr. Worcester, scientist and Christian, has held in continuous operation for a number of years. This continuity is the unique feature, and it, in practice and result, is so unlike the ordinary habit and experience of the church that it is justified in having a distinguishing name, though it does not claim to possess a new or different substance of faith.

The Emmanuel idea of complete consecration and service is normal to the church, but conditions abnormal have obscured it for the most until now; indeed such obscurity exists in much of the world even now. The wonder is that the church has waited so long to realize in life and service its full power as the visible organism through which the invisible Spirit longs to work in the world. This power, now hidden, will be freely manifest and maintain a continuous Pentecost, provided it can have the media of consecrated lives. That is our very best present deduction from the Emmanuel Movement. It is this idea in universal action that will save the world, because in it it is realized the Divine purpose of salvation of the entire man for present good as well as for future glory.

It is well, however, for those interested in this movement, or this awakening, to observe Dr. Worcester's own cautious approach to the future concerning it. He knows the nature of enthusiasm misdirected, of zeal unguarded, and how the church that invokes God's help in the cure of disease, may, even by reason of its success, forget that man's greater interests are those of his spirit, and evermore the greater ministry of the church must be spiritual. Only the leaves of the trees, as Dr. Brown says in his good way, are for the healing of the nations. The fruit, for which the tree lives, is for the sustenance of nations. The leaves meet an incidental, the fruit a permanent need, but both are essential that the nations may live. Though he may not have said as much it may well be supposed from Dr. Worcester's attitude as we understand it here, that he would have the church become, not an healing cult exclusively, nor yet a "school of the prophets" exclusively. But the church should be balanced, and indeed so vitalized, that it can, here, and now, meet the needs of men precisely as they are.

Such being the aim of the Emmanuel Idea in action the minister who would be identified with it in a practical way, must, for his own initiative meet the question, first of preparation, then of procedure.

As to the first it is clear that he must realize in himself what he desires for others. He must know that God has not given him a spirit of fear, much less of doubt and distrust. On the other hand he must know with equal certainty that God has given him the spirit of power and love, and a sound mind. This knowledge, however little he may know of science, he must possess in order to complete the work of his ministry. So armed and fortified, a minister of Christ, what evil can overcome, or what resist his power and love and mind, gifts all divine.

And he needs to have a secret understanding with his Master, which is something our science cannot classify, something our psychology cannot define. It is of that good thing committed unto him by the Holy Ghost; it partakes of the New Name, the White Stone; it is of the Hidden Manna. The Lord keeps frequent tryst with him, and when they talk together it is of this precious secret. Of course the man who would multiply his power intensify his love and strengthen his mind by this confidence with Christ, has little time and less disposition for idle words, with foolish and unlearned questions that gender strife. Good cheer he has, without frivolity, but he remembers withal that it is even better to sacrifice innocent pleasure than to waste power. So he does not read trifling books, nor frequent theaters, nor waste time with cards. His study, rather, is that he may be a man of God, furnished for good works, that he may be a workman approved, unashamed, and rightly dividing the word of truth.

Now the power of such a man enables him to preach and teach; it enables him to strengthen the weak, and lead the habit-bound to freedom. It sometimes includes, in a special way, the gift of healing, and then he can heal the sick; but above all it enables him to lead sinners to repentance, which among all his duties is the most important.

The love of such a man is the dynamic actively persistent in all his experience, an Emmanuel movement indeed. It is his motive and his reward. It lives by his secret with God, and the mind of such a man will hold him to that self-mastery of his powers that will surely make him most effective in the service whereunto he is called.

Will such a minister of the gospel who thinks of and cares for the Emmanuel idea, active in his own parish, be likely to go far wrong in the manner of his procedure? Is he in danger of becoming a practitioner rather than a preacher? There is small danger of it, specially if his mind and heart shall take counsel together. He will not plow as Dr. Buckley in a recent criticism fears, in the physician's field, more than he expects the good physician who often is able to administer sweet cordial for the soul, to become a specialist in his field. This, however, he will do, as expressing his view of the one true ministry: he will serve all the interests of each member of his flock, and he will without hesitation enter every department and share every experience of all their lives where his hand is needed. He will preach in all faithfulness; he will use his own mentality to help the weak; he will help the sick, and when God gives him grace for that service he will heal them; he will set his righteousness against every man's sin, and throw his light into every man's darkness. He will, with all the ability God gives him, be a true shepherd of the flock committed to his care, which means for him, that within his own place and for himself, he will put the Emmanuel idea in action, which further means that he will perform what has been, what is, and what shall be, the normal work of the ministry.

Dr. Worcester criticises the church, even while loving it. He believes it does not reach up to the height of its opportunity. He even believes the world, demanding something the church does not give, will finally "leave it behind," and that even God in His plans for humanity may refuse longer to use it. That is indeed a hard saying and no one can bear it. The criticism is just, but the fear is groundless. That cannot fail which God has promised to perfect, and which He has built upon His own foundation.

This much however is true, the church enfeebled by

worldliness, and weakened by negations, has not fulfilled its mission, either to itself or to the world. Nevertheless, the church contains the salt, without which the world is good for nothing, and men will not therefore altogether forsake it, nor will God abandon it. But this rather will come to pass, this better and truer hope: The church will realize its limitations, confess its aims and forsake its pride, and, under the guidance of the Spirit, it will come to that balance in character and service which Jesus manifested in His own perfect life, which realizes that every law a man touches in all forms of his experience, be it natural, or be it spiritual, is of God, and that in obedience to the whole of God's law is salvation.

The Emmanuel idea embodies such an appeal. The appeal to know God and to love Him with a pure heart fervently, in all relations. This is salvation. And the idea is surely realized best, not as the church may reorganize itself into an institution for physical healing, nor yet remain solely as a Sabbath center for religious instruction, but, rather, that in all its service and ministry it may have ready its boat for the shipwrecked, its bread for the hungry, its light for the wandering, ministering with all gladness to every need of the body and soul for time and for eternity. So shall it truly exhibit the Emmanuel idea in action.

THE INEVITABLE TRANSITION.

By Robert P. Downs.

[The article under the foregoing caption is from a book entitled "Life's Eventide," by Robert P. Downs, LL.D. Perhaps through its appearance in these columns some may be led to face more calmly the transition which comes sometime to each and all.—Editor.]

Count Hopken, a friend and disciple of Swedenborg's, tells us that he regarded death "as being hardly of greater moment than the drinking of a glass of water." To Swedenborg himself it was a welcome transition. He believed he had the divine assurance that his life would be prolonged until his last and greatest book was finished. That being done, he named the day on which he should die, whereof his housekeeper tells us that he was so pleased that she could only make the comparison that "his pleasure was such as if she herself were going to have a holiday, go to some merry-making."

William Lloyd Garrison, the champion of liberty and lover of mankind, said, "Death itself to me is not terrible, it is not repulsive, it is not to be deplored. I see in it as clear an evidence of divine wisdom and beneficince as I do in the birth of a child, in the works of creation, in all the arrangements and operations of nature. I neither fear nor regret its power. I neither expect nor supplicate to be exempted from its legitimate action. It is not to be chronicled among calamities; it is not to be styled 'a mysterious dispensation of divine providence'; it is scarcely rational to talk of being resigned to it. For what is more natural, what more universal, what more impartial, what more servicable, what more desirable: in God's own time, hastened neither by our ignorance nor our folly?"

Whittier was very confident of the harmlessness of his dissolution. He said to a friend, "The little circumstance of death will make no difference to me. I shall have the same friends in the other world that I have here—the same loves, and aspirations, and occupations. If it were not so I should not be myself, and surely I shall not lose my identity." How lovely also are the lines of the Quaker poet, written in old age and in contemplation of his last hour:

> Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,
> The songs of boyhood seem;
> Yet on our Autumn boughs, unflown with Spring,
> The evening thrushes sing.
>
> The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,
> When at the Eternal Gate
> We leave the words and works we call our own
> And lift void hands alone,
>
> For Love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
> Brings to that gate no toll;
> Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,
> And lives because He lives.

The death of Beethoven was peculiarly impressive. He had been visibly sinking, when suddenly he revived and a bright smile illumined his features, as he softly murmured, "I shall hear in heaven."

Melanchthon, when dying, being asked by his friends if he wanted anything, replied, "Nothing but heaven." As Sir Walter Raleigh was on his way to execution, he saw an old friend in the crowd unable to approach the scaffold. "Farewell," cried Sir Walter, "I know not what shift you will make, but I am sure to have a place;" and when he mounted the scaffold he kissed the axe, and remarked that it was "a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." In similar vein, Sir Thomas More, when brought to the place of execution, noticing that the scaffold was weak, turned to the lieutenant of the Tower and said, "I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant, to see me up safe, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." "The best of all is, God is with us," said the dying Wesley. The last words of J. Q. Adams were, "It is the last of earth;" and those of Washington, "It is well." "My faith is strong," exclaimed William Ewart Gladstone, when the last summons came. "Mr. Venn," said his physician to that saint of God when dying, "you cannot die at present; your joy is too great to permit you to do so."

"They say I am growing very old," said the venerable Dr. Guthrie, "because my hair is silvered, and there are crow's feet on my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as before. But they are mistaken. That is not I. The knees are weak, but the knees are not I. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not I. This is the house I live in. But I am young,—younger than I ever was before." Dr. Norman Macleod, who when in health was one of the happiest of men, "within the limits of becoming mirth," when he came to the closing scene of his life, said, "All is peace, a perfect calm. I have glimpses of heaven that no pen, or words, or tongue can describe." "Never say of men that I am dead," said Robert Browning to a friend not long before he breathed his last in Venice. "Drive on," said Christmas Evans, the great Welsh preacher, with his latest breath. The chariot had come. Thomas Jones, another Welsh poet-preacher, murmured, as he lay dying, "My little rill draws near the sea." "Farewell sin, farewell death," said the eloquent and saintly Robert Newton, as the everlasing doors rolled back o give him entrance into heaven.

Such are a few notable examples of those who carried with them through life's twilight, yea, to the very hour of sunset, the splendor of the dawn. They retained the old, unconquerable hope which refuses to acquiesce in the visible

ruin of death, and their swan-song might have been that of Barbauld, which Wordsworth loved so well:

Life, we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give a little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good-night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good-morning."

PAPAL ASCENDANCY.

By Rev. George Morris.

Those who have watched the trend of events for the past few years in connection with the movements of the Roman Catholic powers in this and other lands cannot fail to have noticed things which point to a renewal of aggressive action on the part of the Papal Hierarchy, having in view the establishment or re-establishment of the old time papal power. Observant persons will have been particularly impressed by the grand papal demonstration accorded to the Pope's delegate in Westminster Abbey, London, in 1908, and attended by an elaborate reception and a magnificent procession combining to form an event such as had never before been seen and its nearest approach had not been witnessed for three hundred years. It was an eye-opener for the thoughtful Protestants of that country and it seemed to say, "Coming events cast their shadows before them."

That event electrified multitudes to an apprehension of what might happen, and to some extent a realization of the greatness of the impending danger. Those who have studied history must have known that such an elaborate and magificent public parade and followed by such a public service in England's most hallowed temple could not but be the result of much previous planning and arrangements with "powers that be" in England.

This being the case, no wonder that the ceremonial has aroused multitudes and the tocsin of alarm has been sounded through the English speaking nations.

Equal or perhaps greater dangers begin to cast their shadows over the United States and its dependencies. I am no alarmist, but the signs of the times and the facts already a part of our history are worthy serious consideration of all well wishers of our country and its vast populations.

Take the Philippines for instance, so long under papal influence, where Roman Catholicsism has already been put officially into a position of pre-eminence by representatives of our government. Our Congressional Records give illustrations and proofs of this. It is reported that lands which already belong to this country by purchase from Spain were again recently bought from the Friars at $18 per acre, when the real value was only about $2 per acre.

Then take Mr. Taft's statement as reported in substance as follows that the Roman Catholic religion is so well suited to the people that they will never need a better. Remember, too, that immediately after Mr. Taft's nomination, "His Holiness, the Pope," sent a congratulatory telegram and after the election of Mr. Taft more congratulations came and what are yet to come and will come on the occasion of Mr. Taft's inauguration the present writer knoweth not, but he does know enough to sound the alarm and call upon every lover of this country to be on the alert that we as a people be not betrayed to papal influence and crushed by the machinations of papal powers. The threatening cloud is already larger than a man's hand and made still larger by the appointment of three cardinals to look after our people.

Friends and fellow countrymen, let us hold with a firmer grasp the freedom wherewith Christ has made us free, and cling more closely to that only Savior and the only Mediator between God and man.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The prairies to the mountains call,
The mountains to the sea;
From shore to shore a nation keeps
Her martyr's memory.

Though lowly born, the seal of God
Was in that rugged face;
Still from the humble Nazareths come
The saviors of the race.

With patient heart and vision clear
He wrought through trying days—
"Malice toward none, with love for all,"
Unswerved by blame or praise.

And when the morn of peace broke through
The battle's cloud and din,
He hailed with joy the promised land
He might not enter in.

He seemed as set by God apart,
The winepress trod alone;
Now stands he forth an uncrowned king,
A people's heart his throne.

Land of our loyal love and hope,
O land he died to save,
Bow down, renew to-day thy vows
Beside his martyr grave!

—Frederick L. Hosmer.

"THE GREATEST QUALITIES OF THE GREATEST AMERICAN."

President-elect William Howard Taft, LL.D.

[An Extract from an address delivered at Galesburg, Ill., October 7, 1908, on the occasion of the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Lincoln-Douglas debates.]

Slavery was the issue upon which had centered for fifty years all other political controversies, and now there was fought out, as in an arena, with the people of the entire country as onlookers, the famous discussion between Judge Douglas and Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln put into the debate his whole heart and soul and mind. He had reasoned with himself since his appearance in Congress in '46, where he supported the bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and he had a clearly defined position in his mind on all the questions arising out of slavery. No man in the entire country could have been selected so well calculated to meet with the clearest logical force, with apt illustration and with an earnestness and convincing honesty of statement

the representative of the Democracy on these issues. It is not too much to say that Lincoln in his discussion settled the attitude of the Republican Party, that his debates made the platform, and that, although down to the time of the debate he was by no means prominent in a national way or the foremost man in his party, he then became so by the demonstration of his fitness to lead in the part which he took in the debate.

It is true that in subsequent speeches, notably the Cooper Union speech and the others which he delivered in the East he clinched and drove home the popular impression of his greatness as a political leader and debater; but it was in the actual heat of the controversy, when millions hung upon the words of each contestant, that his nomination for the Presidency became a probable and national result. In this debate, of course, no one whispered the probability of war or conflict between sections. Each champion disclaimed the slightest sympathy with violent methods or the pursuit of any other method than that purely within the law, and while Lincoln expressed the hope that slavery might ultimately be extinguished, he pointed to no method by which this might be accomplished, and did not even favor it as a policy with respect to the District of Columbia, where he contended the United States had complete control. He was as much opposed to the bitterness of feeling growing out of the question of slavery as were the supporters of the other side, who constantly complained of the agitation; but he set his face like flint, and in this he had the Republican Party behind him, against the acquisition of any new territory or the bringing into the Union as slave States of any States in which slavery did not then exist. He said slavery must be kept where it was.

The debate clarified the minds of many people and drew the issues more sharply than ever on the advance or retrogression of slavery. It was an epoch-making event, and brought about the election of Lincoln, the war, and all that followed. A study of the debates is also a study of the character of Lincoln, and one can not leave the subject without attempting to point out the great qualities of the greatest American, the most typical of his kind.

Lincoln's origin was humble, and so affected by the poverty and straitened circumstances of his parents as to be almost miserable. His father was a rolling-stone, illiterate and unstable. His mother, Nancy Hanks, died in Lincoln's youth, and he was brought up by his stepmother, who taught his father and himself to read and write. The privations of his early life it is hard to credit as we read a description of them. His mother must have been a woman of strength of mind and character—nothing else explains the development of Lincoln.

The chief application of his life was the ascertainment of truth, the determination of a basis of right on which to build his conclusions with respect to life and business and politics. His mind was strongly analytical, and in every issue which he had to solve, he was straining to reduce the propositions as they were advanced in their lowest terms, in order that by comparison he might settle the weight of each. He loved stories—he had a wonderful memory for them—but the inexorable logic of his mind did not permit him to use any story or any illustration that was not apt to explain and make clear his meaning. His mind was not a mind given to partisan advocacy. He would have made a great judge. His method of stating his case in an argument was fair and with none of the cheaper arts of the stump speaker.

His style, reflecting his method of reasoning and the simplicity of the propositions to which he wished to reduce everything, was clear, lucid, forcible, but simple. It is impossible to read the debates between him and Douglas without noting the difference in the judicial quality of the two, and without having it impressed upon one that the strength of Lincoln's arguments was in the fairness with which he stated his opponent's position, and the candor with which he had a doubt. He united in a most wonderful way a shrewdness and skill in the presentation of his position with a judicial consideration of the arguments of the other side that has hardly been equaled among our great debaters. The strength of his argument, of course, and the earnestness with which he pressed it ,was intensified by the moral foundation upon which he stood. Slavery was wrong and freedom was right, but slavery was a necessary evil which had come for historic reasons, and which we must deal with and keep within its present limits.

It seems to me, as I study the life of Lincoln, that there is more inspiration in his development, and the position that he attained of heroism and usefulness to the country, than in the life of any other one man in history. He had his weaknesses like others. His education was faulty. His ambition for political preferment was strong, and he sometimes avoided expressions of his real opinion at times when they might have injured his political career; but with the sure development of the moral issue of slavery, and the part which he took in it, his character and intellect seemed to grow with the intense earnestness that the controversy developed. By a certain sort of intellectual discipline, by self-education, he clarified his methods of thought and expression so that hewas able to meet every problem presented in the controversy by a solution as simple as it was effective.

He was as hard with himself in testing by the fullest logic the correctness of his conclusions as he was with his antagonists. The hardships of his early life, his association with all sorts of people, made him understand the motives and the limitations of the plain people as no other public man of our period. He had a zest for politics, and with his understanding of human motives he was able generally to checkmate his antagonist without an open rupture.

The responsibility which he had to assume when he came to the Presidency was awful to contemplate, and the proverbial sadness of his features it is easy to understand. The criticism and abuse to which he was subjected in the crises of the Civil War it makes one ashamed to review as a matter of history. And yet it is of the utmost value in the encouragement of others engaged in the public service, that they may not be borne down by the weight of hostile and persistent criticism in their efforts to serve their country with an eye single to the public interest.

Mr. Lincoln's biographer and partner, Judge Herndon, raises a question as to whether love made up a part of Lincoln's nature. He suggests that his consideration and charity resulted rather from his sense of justice, which compelled fair treatment of every one and made him considerate to every one, and that his charitable attitude of mind was rather the result of reasoning from the basis of right than from the soft heart. I don't know that such a discussion is profitable. Certain it is that we never have had a man in public life whose sense of duty was stronger, whose bearing toward those with whom he came in contact, whether his friends or political opponents, was characterized by a greater sense of fairness than Abraham Lincoln.

We have never had a man in public life who took upon himself uncomplainingly the woes of the nation and suffered in his soul from the weight of them as he did. We have

never had a man in our history who had such a mixture of far-sightedness, understanding of people, of common-sense, of high sense of duty, power of inexorable logic, and of confidence in the goodness of God, in working out a righteous result, as this great product of the soil of our country. One can not read of him without loving him. One can not think of his struggles, of his life and its tragic end, without weeping. One can not study his efforts, his conscience, his heroism, and his patriotism, and the burdens of bitter attack and calumny under which he suffered, and now think of the place he occupies in the history of his country, without a moral inspiration of the most stirring and intense character.

THE POET AND HIS SONG.

A song is but a little thing.
And yet what joy it is to sing!
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at eve I long for rest;
When cows come home along the bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As Night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
I sing my song and all is well.

My days are never days of ease;
I till my ground and prune my trees,
When ripened gold is all the plain,
I put my sickle to the grain.
I labor hard and sweat,
While others dream within the dell;
But even while my brow is wet,
I sing my song, and all is well.

Sometimes the sun, unkindly hot,
My garden makes a desert spot;
Sometimes a blight upon the tree
Takes all my fruit away from me;
And then with throes of bitter pain
Rebellious passions rise and swell;
But life is more than fruit or grain,
And so I sing, and all is well.

—By Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The next meeting of the Bay Association will be with the church at Niles on Tuesday, March the 9th.

The Rev. Charles N. Queen, who has accepted the call from the church at San Barnardino, will receive wide and hearty welcome again to the Pacific coast.

The Congregational Church at Sacramento celebrated the 28th anniversary of the Christian Endeavor Society with a special service taking the place of the regular Sunday evening service.

The W. B. M. P. will send a box to Miss Wilson of Kusaie the latter part of this month. All who wish to contribute toward this are asked to send their contributions to one of the superintendents before Feb. 17—to Miss C. D. Tenney, 2227 Andover St., Oakland, or Mrs. F. W. Dean, 1649 Hayes St., San Francisco.

Next Monday the Rev. A. W. Palmer of Oakland will read a paper at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity entitled "A Study of a City Parish." Last Monday there was an address by Dr. Atkinson on medical missions in Turkey.

The weekly bulletin of the First Congregational Church of Long Beach says: "The anti-gambling bill which passed the Assembly last week, was helped on by our fellow church-member, Mr. Harry Barndollar, Assemblyman from the 69th district. This church is proud of the honor."

The California Christian Advocate says that Professor William Frederic Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary gave the Methodist ministers of San Francisco and vicinity at a recent meeting one of the rarest treats enjoyed for many a day. "He spoke on The Craftmanship of Isaiah. His address was a fine analysis and first hand study of Isaiah. Professor Bade is a remarkable scholar. He gradated from the Bethlehem, Pa., Morovian Theological Seminary, Yale Divinity School, and Berlin University. He is at home in German, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Archeology, Philology, Forestry, Ornithology and Nature studies of every kind. He is easily valedictorian with high praise in many subjects. He fairly captured the meeting and received a unanimous vote of thanks. His address was instructive and highly entertaining. He is a thorough scholar and has a most delightful style. He thoroughly understands his subject. Come again! was the verdict on all hands."

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE PACIFIC REDUCED

The campaign last year to so increase the subscription list of The Pacific as to make possible a reduction of the price to one dollar was not a success. Not enough new names were secured to make possible the reduction.

But it has been decided by the board of directors on the recommendation of the editor and manager that the price be reduced from $2 to $1.50.

This rate will go into effect this week. Persons who are in arrears will be expected to pay at the $2 rate up to the present time. For example: If a subscription is due from the 15th of August, 1908, and $1.50 is sent in, it will not pay up to August 15, 1909, but only to June 15, 1909.

Pastors and other friends of the paper are urged to make every possible effort to secure a renewal at $1.50 of the new subscriptions taken last year at $1. This is of the greatest importance.

Also try most earnestly to secure new names, which may be taken for the first year at the introductory rate of $1. But only for one year.

It may not be out of place to state here that with this reduction to $1.50, the receipts will not be sufficient to meet the expenses of printing and leave a living salary for the editor and manager unless considerable increase is made in the subscription list.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR FEBRUARY 21.

Pilgrim's Progress Series. II.. The Slough of Despond.

Ps. 69: 1-4, 13-18; 40: 1-3.

Christian is overtaken by Obstinate and Pliable, citizens of the City of Destruction, who seek to persuade him to return. Obstinate reviles Christian as brain-sick fool who would leave material comforts and pleasures for the pursuit of some phantasm of his disordered brain. He is the type of the opponent of Christianity who sneers at it as something purely the product of the imagination, and prefers the actual and material rewards of the present life to any promises of the future. But Pliable listens to Chris-

tian's arguments, and always ready to hear the last man he meets, falls in with him, and leaving Obstinate to return to the City of Destruction, the two journey on together. And as they walk Pliable plies Christian with questions to the rewards of the Christian life. As always, Bunyan puts into Christian's mouth the selected texts of Scripture bearing on this theme. Ravished with the rewards before him, Pliable would hasten his pace to reach them.

And then the two come to a great bog in the midst of the plain, called the Slough of Despond. There is no doubt that Bunyan derived this figure from the psalms given as our references on this topic. Heedless and hurried Pliable and Christian fall into the mire. And as they both struggled, Pliable, frightened and discouraged, by a desperate effort reached the side of the slough next his own house, and with reproachful words to Christian, hurried back home and Christian saw him no more. Bunyan is seeking to portray that type of Christian described by Jesus in his parable of the Sower as the seed that fell upon the rocky soil quickly springing up and as quickly withering away. There are many fair-weather Christians to-day, whom the first discouragement brings to the shipwreck of faith, shallow natures that do not abound to full fruition of character.

But Christian manfully struggled on through the mire toward the goal of his journey, and in his most desperate hour there came to him one called Help who lifted him out, placed his feet on solid ground and bade him go his way. This is the allegorical and concrete presentment of the divine help that comes to every man who in his hours of deepest discouragement yet struggles on toward the goal set for him by God. It is not Pliable but Christian to whom the hand of divine help is outstretched.

And as Bunyan interrogates this helper as to the meaning of this Slough of Despond and why it is lift to enmesh every weary traveler over life's plain, he is asking the world-wide question as to the meaning of adversity. For the Slough of Despond is that state of doubt, despair or sorrow into which man is sometimes plunged. And no real answer is given, but in the quaint language of the book God is described as doing all in his power to help men pass through adversity to the solid ground of faith made sure. And the answer of Pilgrim's Progress to that riddle of the Slough of Despond is the emergence of Christian from its dangers by the power of a divine hand. We cannot escape despair and discouragement but we can conquer them by God's power.

WISHING.

One day a lonesome hickory-nut,
At the top of a lofty tree."
Remarked, "I'd like to live in a shell,
Like a clam, beneath the sea."

And just at this time a clam observed,
'Way down in the tossing sea,
"I'd love to dwell in a hickory-nut
At the top of a lofty tree."

Then both of them wished and wished and wished,
Till they turned green, yellow and blue;
And that, in truth, is just about what
Mere wishing is likely to do.

—Harper's Round Table.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

Oakland, Market Street.—This church received 19 members during the year 1908, 13 on confession.

Oakland, Second.—The pulpit is being supplied by the Rev. Leslie Briggs who returned recently from New Haven, Connecticut.

Berkeley, Park.—Seven persons were welcomed into fellowship at the last communion, 2 on confession. During the last year 43 were received and 12 dismissed.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Six persons united with the church at the last communion. The pledges for current expenses amount to $200 more than they did at this time last year. The rebuilding of the organ at a cost of $1300 is contemplated.

Loomis.—Since the adoption a few years ago of the free will offering plan of church support, the church has prospered very materially. The membership is steadily increasing, twelve members having been added at the last communion service.

Oakland, First.—The lectures to young men by the pastor on Sunday evenings are crowding the house and are widely regarded as of high value. At the Sunday communion service 21 persons were welcomed into fellowship, 4 coming on confession.

Cloverdale.—Five persons were welcomed into the church fellowship on Sunday, Feb. 7th; three by letter and two on confession of faith. At the annual church meeting excellent reports were presented from the various departments of church work. Progress has been made in nearly every department and the church is in a healthy condition.

Antioch.—The people of the Congregational church, Antioch, presented the play, "Are You a Mason?" at the Belshaw Thaeter, Saturday evening, February 6. Every seat was filled, and over two hundred dollars cleared. The proceeds are for the benefit of the improvement fund of the church. The play was well presented, and although it was the first attempt of the kind in any church here we hope it will not be the last.

Rocklin.—The Rocklin church, with greatly thinned ranks, is bravely taking up the work at the beginning of the year. The town and community, until about a year ago, was comprised largely of railroad men and their families. At that time the Southern Pacific round-house and division were removed to Roseville, a town four miles distant. The church met its share of the general loss. From a membership of 37 they were reduced to 17. But they are not discouraged; and are looking for brighter times for church and community.

Long Beach, First.—The Sunday-school is growing by leaps and bounds. The average attendance has increased 50 per cent in the last four months. The Brotherhood of David has grown from 9 to 21, and for convenience has been divided into two sections according to the ages of the members. Evening congregations have increased 100 per cent since the beginning of the series of lectures, "Famous

Johns of History." Among the worthies treated are John Calvin, John Knox, John Wesley and John Robinson. Under the leadership of Mrs. Bissell, a local court of the Queens of Avalon has been organized. This is one of the creations of the fertile brain of Wm. Byron Forbush and corresponds among the girls to the Knights of King Arthur among the boys.

THE HOME

IT IS COMMON.

So are the stars and the arching skies,
So are the smiles in the children's eyes;
Common the life-giving breath of the spring;
So are the songs which the wild birds sing—
Blessed be God, they are common.

Common the grass in its glowing green;
So is the water's glistening sheen;
Common the springs of love and mirth;
So are the holiest gifts of earth.

Common the fragrance of rosy June;
So is the generous harvest moon;
So are the towering, mighty hills,
So are the twittering, trickling rills.

So unto all are the promises given,
So unto all is the hope of heaven;
Common the rest from the weary strife;
So is the life which is after life—
Blessed be God, it is common. —Ex.

TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

Old Cedar Laurie was nursing a gouty foot, rested high on a cushion to try and ease the twings that from time to time caused a spasm to cross his face. In repose, old Cedar's face was not so ill-favoured, nay, it bore traces of the good looks that had once singled him out from his fellows and made him an object of interest to the women folks of Drylaw, and which had caused a flutter at a good many hearts when he rode into market in all the glory of his youth. Ah, but that was long ago, so long ago that he had almost forgotten it. His hand had been against every man and every man's hand against him so long that he had ceased to believe anything but evil of the human race. It was a spring day, and the sun lay softly, yet with a certain royal touch, on the broad lawns before the old house of Kimmerhame, lending a singular freshness to the two hoary old cedar trees which were primarily responsibe for Cedar's name. His real cognomen was Peter, but it was a name never heard or seen save on legal documents and business letters which required proper signature. Of late there had been a good many such, for the estate of Kimmerhame had been undergoing considerable changes. The farms had been relet, some of them passing out of families that had held them for generations; but others had received their marching orders, the Laird refusing to grant new lease, apparently out of wanton caprice. He was thinking of one of these places at the very moment when we see him first, a place on a bleak hilltop facing he Kimmer Water, where a displenishing sale was going forward, and where growing crops and cattle, beasts, and all the routh of a comfortable homestead was being sold to the highest bidder. The thoughts were not altogther pleasant, and when the Doctor was shown in upon him he turned to him with a growl.

"And hour late, Renton, and me lying here at your mercey. Where have you been?"

"I was on the Garthend Road, Laird, and turned in to see the sale. Yon's a melancholy sight, and I haven't got rid of the sorrow of it yet."

"Umph! What sort of prices ruled, eh?"

"I didn't stop to speir. The sight was enough for me," observed the Doctor shortly. "Well, what kind of a night have you had?"

"Bad. That stuff you gave me might just as well have been clear water going down my throat. You're falling off, Renton, in your doctoring. It's not near so good as it was, and unless there is some betterment in a day or two I must have a town's man to see me."

"Have fifty of them if you like," replied the doctor tranquilly. "And every man and woman of them (they say there's a skilled woman-doctor practising in Charlotte-square now; you might try her for a change) will tell you the same thing."

"Um! I'll not have any impudence from you, so shut up," said the Laird sourly, "and come and attend to your business."

The Doctor approached the tender foot, undid the bandages, and made his brief and almost futile examination, the patient muttering the while and occasionally making use of strong words.

"You had a glass of port wine to your dinner last night, Laird, I could almost bet my botton dollar."

"Yes, I had, and to my lunch to-day as well, and I'll have another to my dinner this night and every other night I've a mind."

"Very well."

The Doctor gently adjusted the bandages again, shaking his head all the while. "It's useless me coming here, Mr. Laurie; in fact it's sheer robbery of my time and your money, and unless you do what I tell you I'm not coming back."

"Yes, you are. I've heard that story before, Renton. So you went to the sale? You're just a prying old man, and should be attending to your doctoring instead of poking your nose into affairs that don't concern you."

"This concerns me a good deal, and there's a lassie there whose heart is broken the day, for she was born at Garthend, and when she goes out she'll never find another home."

"They've no business to feel like that, folk that pay rent and are never up to time with it. Besides, I'm for none of that tribe on my land. I've never liked them."

The Doctor well knew why he had practised on that rolling stretch of the border country for well-nigh forty years, and he and Kimmerhame had been boys together; but he did not want to go into that old story. He drew on his gloves, said abruptly he must go, and went, in spite of the protestations of the Laird. But no sooner had his high gig with the roan horse carried him out of reach of the windows than another caller arrived at Kimmerhame, coming on foot slantwise across the park and entering boldly by the front door.

The old servant, who knew her quite well by sight, shook his head when she asked for the Laird.

"I misdoot ye canna see him, Miss Katie. He's very bad the day, and there's nae living wi' him. The Doctor has just been here. Even he didna bide ten mintues in the house."

"Go and tell him I'm here," replied the girl quietly; "and say, too ,that I can wait his pleasure, but that see him I must and will."

She sat down, her small, proud head poised with dignity on her shoulders, her sweet face wearing at once a sad and determined look. Redpath, the Kimmerhame butler, went upstairs scratching his head; but when he came down again there was a weird smile on his lips.

"The Laird will see ye, Miss Katie. Will ye come up?"

She nodded, and followed him with light, fleet foot up the heavily carpeted oak staircase, and stood quietly while he opened the door of the dressing-room and beckoned her to come through to the room beyond. It was a very large, wide place, warm and bright and comfortable. The crabbed face of the old man seemed to strike the only jarring note.

"Miss Sinclair," said the butler loudly, and Katie stepped forward without a moment's hesitation.

"Come over here, young lady," said the Laird grimly. "I want to see your face as well as to hear your business."

"My business is quickly told, Mr. Laurie," she answered fearlessly. "I have come to tell you what I think of you, and to warn you that, though you have put the Sinclairs out of Garthend at last, you have not seen the end of them."

"Well, and after that, what then?" he asked almost facetiously, and his old eyes took in the fearless carriage, the proud poise of the head, the clear, brave accents of her voice.

"My mother will sleep out of Garthend to-night, and in a few weeks' time, I suppose, there will be strangers in it, but you will never have peace nor comfort with them; and you will rue the day you turned us out."

"If Doctor Renton be right, I shall not have long to rue it, lass," he answered gravely. "Well, what next?"

"I came to warn you that if you persist in treating folk as you have treated us, the day will come when your name will be a byword in Drylaw, and when you will not have a single friend left to speak a good or a kind word for you."

"Well, that may easily be, but I'm not caring," he answered dourly and as if the thought amused him. "When did you ever hear that old Cedar Laurie was dependent on outside folks?"

She looked at him with a kind of steady wonder, which, after a moment, seemed to nettle him.

"What are you thinking now?"

"Do you really wish to hear?"

"Yes. Now you've taken the trouble to push yourself into the house I may as well have my money's worth. What are you thinking now?"

"Well, I was pitying you. You are a poor, miserable old man."

He stretched forward on his couch, and his deep eyes under the shaggy brows glowered upon her.

"Did your mother send you here to say these things to me?"

"No, nor does she know I am here, but I said to myself and to my brother Walter that if we really had to go out of Garthend I should come here and tell you the truth."

"I'm not minding for the truth from you, but I should like to hear what your mother has to say about this."

"My mother says nothing, she onlly weeps."

"Well, see, lass, you can go home and tell her to go back in her mind five-and-twenty years—no, it will be nine-and twenty in another month's time—to a day when she held old Cedar Laurie in the hollow of her hand. She played fast and loose with me, and it is for her sake I am a childless and a miserable old man in this house, that was made for warm family life. I swore then to have my revenge, and I have had it. Is it true that you leave Garthend with very little siller, and that it will be impossible for your brother to take another place?"

She listened in amazement to this strange speech, not knowing which end of it disturbed her the most.

"Tell me," he repeated imperiously, "is it true that you have not siller, and that you will be cast penniless on the world?"

"Sir, you've no right to ask that. It is not what I came here to talk about. I only came to say that it is poor sport for an old man like you to harry people as we have been harried in Garthend, and then to put them out to find another home. I will go away now. I am sorry if I have said the wrong thing, and it seems to me that there is something here I don't understand." He smiled grimly, but almost immediately his face grew set again, this time in a strange sadness.

"Don't go yet. Come here and sit down where I can see your face. It's your mother's face, but there's something in your eyes that never was in hers. Tell me, have you ever heard that there are two sides to a story and always something in the background of every life the outside world can't understand?"

"I believe that is true," she answered in a lowered voice, strangely compelled by his words.

"Well, hear mine. Once I loved your mother, and she was pledged to me. She threw me over for another man, easily as a woman of her calibre can. It is what you would never do; you are made of different stuff. But it changed my whole life, it changed me, so now you can go back to Garthnend, and when you're leaving it with tears or without you can lay part of the blame on other shoulders."

Katie Sinclair rose rather quickly to her feet, her face at home, of her trying ways, her selfishness long drawn out, and a strange revulsion of feeling was hers.

"I am sorry I came. I see now one should not always act on impulse. Good-bye, Mr. Laurie. I understand something now, and I will speak no more against you in Drylaw or out of it."

He suffered her to go with a last word.

"Come again to see me the day after to-morrow, and say not a word to your mother in the interval."

But the girl gave no promise. After she had gone old Cedar Laurie rang the bell and ordered his writing materials to be brought, and with his own hand wrote a long letter to the laweyrs which brought them post-haste and in no small consternation to Drylaw in the morning.

But no one, except perhaps Redpath, knew how it came about that the Sinclairs immediately they left Garthend found a shelter in another homestead on Cedar Laurie's estate.

And Redpath was too prudent to say anything except to the Doctor, with whom on occasion he would discuss the strange happenings in the thing men call life.—David Lyall, in British Weekly.

LITTLE THINGS.

A goodby kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day;
And it smooths the furrows plowed by care,
The lines on the forehead you once called fair
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind;
I love you, my dear," each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find—
For Love is tender and Love is blind—
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress;
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

—By Andrew Lang.

Young People

LITTLE MISS BRIER.

Little Miss Brier came out on the ground;
She put out her thorns and scratched everything 'round.
"I'll just try," said she,
"How bad I can be,
At pricking and scratching there's few can catch me."

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,
Her leaves dark green and her flowers pure white;
But all who came nigh her
Were so worried by her
They'd go out of their way to keep clear of the brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day
At her neighbor, the violet, just over the way.
"I wonder," said she,
"That no one pets me,
While all seem so glad little Violet to see."

A sober old linnet, who sat on a tree,
Heard the speech of the brier, and thus answered he:
"'Tis not that she's fair,
For you may compare
In beauty with even Miss Violet there.

"But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind,
E'en the worms at her feet
She would never ill-treat,
And to bird, bee and butterfly always is sweet."

The gardner's wife then on the pathway came down,
And the mischievous brier caught hold of her gown;
"'Oh, dear! what a tear!
My gown's spoiled, I declare;
That troublesome brier has no business there.
Here, John, dig it up; throw it into the fire."
And that was the end of the ill-natured brier.

—Little Christian.

KATIE—A SHEEP DOG.

Nine thousand feet up on a Colorado mesa was where I met Katie, the sheep dog. While I was chatting with her master, and she peacefully dozed, a party of sheep decided that they would start out exploring.

The herder saw and stood up. "Hi!" he shouted, "Where are you going? You'd better turn back there!"

The band stopped short and gazed at him. They plainly hesitated. Then the old ewe which was leading gave a defiant shake of her head, whereupon, followed by the others, she impudently moved on.

"Katie," said the herder, softly, "do you see those sheep, and what they're doing? Go after them, Katie. Turn them back. Show them what's what."

Away sped Katie, with all her might, straight for the errant band; and in the time that it takes for the telling she had launched herself in front of the band. The very sound of her crashing through the brush had made them stop—they suspected what was about to happen. Then, at first glimpse of her, in a panic they wheeled like a cavalry squad and rushed for the main herd. Across their heels darted Katie, back and forth. One little lamb must have lost its wits, for it insisted upon running in the wrong direction. Katie made after it. She tried to turn it right, but it was as obstinate as any pig; until finally, exasperated, Katie seized it by the nape of the neck and gave a good nip. Then Katie looked back at us. The herder raised high his right arm, as a signal for her to cease. Then he brought his arm down, and briskly slapped his thigh. Katie understood.

When the sheep were grazing too far up the valley, or were getting too scattered, away out of sight, he would send Katie to turn them and round them up. "Here, Katie!" he would say, waking her instantly. He would wave his arm, indicating the direction. "Go way round them, Katie—way round!"

Off would dash Katie in a headlong run, disappearing amid the timber or round a hill. But all along her course we would see the sheep scuttling in from outlying points—twos and threes and eights and tens of them, old and young—until the heard was compact once more. Presently, perhaps, opposite to us, there would be Katie, standing and gazing for further instructions. The herder would slap his thigh and signal her in.

One might talk to Katie just as as to a human being. "Now, Katie," would instruct the herder, "I want you to herd the sheep from that rim rock younder to the timber. Don't let them stray outside."

Yes, Katie understood. She sat and watched the sheep. The herder went to sleep. Katie made an occasional circuit, and if any sheep were found beyond that rim rock, or in the timber, they were sent scurrying back.

Or the herder would say: "Katie, there's a lamb there I want to catch; but we'll let the ewe alone."

Once Katie knew which lamb it was, she would pay attention to no other, nor would she pay attention to its mother, the ewe. That lamb, in a bunch of a thousand other lambs, she would stick to unerringly, until with her assistance the herder had caught it.

But how he loved her! They were alone together, in the sage brush by day and in the tent by night, out there on the grand Western range. He fed her the best that his menu produced. He talked to her, and she to him. And he put his arms about her silver neck and kissed her, and she kissed him back.

"Why don't you have another dog to help her?" I asked

once, when she was particularly footsore at the close of a hard day.

"No," he replied; "we sheep herders have a saying, 'One dog is a good dog; two dogs are half a dog; three dogs are no dog at all.' Katie and I can do the work; can't we Katie?"

And Katie laid her head in his lap.—Chicago Record-Herald.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

From the Cradle to the Crown.

"England's little Mayflower," Victoria was called, for she was born in the month of May, 1819. The mother and baby were always together. As soon as the child could sit alone she took her dinners on a small table by her mother's side, and she slept in a little bed by her mother's all the years of her childhood.

"Dear Boppy," the nurse, was also assiduous in the care of her royal charge who, at five years of age, is described as a fair, lovely child with soft hair, frank blue eyes and a countenance which bespeaks perfect health and good temper. Many were the romps Victoria and "dear Boppy" had about her palace home in the Kensington Gardens, and here she used to ride a donkey gaily decked out with blue ribbons, calling out to the passers-by a cheery "Good morning." At Malvern she is remembered as a youthful romp who delighted in climbing trees and walls, and at Tunbridge Wells the old people still tell of how Victoria rode her donkey at a free canter along the lanes and over the downs.

Lord Albermarle, in his autobiography, gives a pretty picture in telling how he watched the movements of the bright, pretty child, dressed in a white cotton suit and a large straw hat, engaged in watering the plants under the window of the palace, from which he looked down upon her. "It was amusing," he says, " to see how impartially she divided the contents of the watering pot between the flowers and her own little feet." A year later Walter Scott wrote in his diary, "Dined with the Duchess of Kent and presented to the little Victoria, heir apparent to the crown. This little lady is educated with much care and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper 'You are heir of England.' I suspect if we could dissect the little heart we should find some bird of the air had carried the matter." One day, as she was reading how Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, introduced her sons to the first of Roman ladies with the words, "These are my jewels," she amused her teacher by pausing, then said, "She should have said, 'These are my **cornelians.**' "

Like other girls Victoria had her dolls, which she liked best of all her toys, and many were the hours that this royal child spent in dressing them to represent prominent persons; and like other girls, she too sometimes found the study hours long and practicing tedious. Once she was so careless during a music lesson that she provoked her teacher to saying there was no royal road by which she could become mistress of the piano. Then the future queen slipped from her seat, closed and locked the piano, skipped away with the key in her hand, saying, "You see there is a royal road by which I can make myself mistress of the piano."

She must have been a clever child, for her grandmother wrote, just after Victoria had visited her uncle, George IV., who was delighted with her charming manners: "The little monkey must have pleased and amused him, she is such a pretty, clever child."

Her education went steadily on. Great attention was paid to faithfulness in the little duties of life, and rectitude in the smallest details was enforced. She was drilled in economy and had her allowance money, and she was expected to make it suffice. Many a time we find she had the moral courage to say, "No, I can't afford it."

The best teachers and the constant companionship of a noble mother developed the mind and formed the character of the future queen. She was taught all that befitted her station, and had a wide knowledge of history and the Bible, law, politics, modern languages, classics, painting and music. She excelled in archery, and to all these were added a natural courage, modesty, simplicity and candor.

It would seem that a special providence watched over this royal child, for we so often read of the many dangers from which her life had been almost miraculously preserved. When she was thirteen years old a magnificent ball was given in her honor to which all the children of the nobility were invited, and it is said that she charmed everybody by her sweet, childish dignity.

It must have been on especially eventful day in her life when her confirmation took place at sixteen years of age, for she knew and realized the great destiny before her, and during the archbishop's tender and solemn address in which he spoke of duties attaching to a princess of her high degree, and only by the help of the Almighty Ruler of the Universe could she hope to discharge them, she was so deeply moved that she laid her head upon her mother's breast and sobbed aloud.

There were many suitors for the hand of the royal maiden, but her heart went out to none till her destined prince appeared when she was seventeen yars old, when the two, Prince Albert and Princess Victoria, who were to be eternally united, met for the first time.

Victoria's eighteenth birthday was celebrated in London and throughout the country with great enthusiasm. She was awakened at seven o'clock by a serenade under her window.

Spring renews its golden dreams,
Sweet birds carol 'neath each spray;
Shed, O sun! thy milder beams
On the fairest flower of May.

Lightly o'er our early rose,
Angels pure, your wings display;
When the storm of sorrow blows,
Shield the fairest flower of May.

From morn till evening the great world moved towards Kensington Palace. Birthday gifts were countless. Fetes, illuminations and all sorts of holiday doings were indulged in; the king gave a ball at which for the first time Victoria took precedence of her mother and sat in the chair of state.

But happy girlhood was taking leave of the princess. She was to be taken from the carefully guarded home and thrown into the great world of rule and politics. On June 30, 1837, at five o'clock in the morning, a carriage and four dashed up the great central avenue to Kensington Palace. The two grave men in the carriage, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, came to call a queen to the throne of her ancestors. After waiting a few moments the door of the apartment opened and the princess

came in, wrapped in a loose morning robe with slippers on her bare feet. On being told of the king's death she looked towards the archbishop and said in touching tones, "I ask your prayers on my behalf."

At eleven o'clock the council met, and Victoria took her seat at the head of the table. She wore a plain mourning robe, her hair dressed in close bands about her forehead and in a tight coil at the back of her head, and in this simple style this girl of eighteen, "who," as Carlyle puts it, "at an age when in ordinary circumstances she would hardly be trusted to choose a bonnet for herself, was called upon to discharge responsibilities from which an archangel might have shrunk," assumed the government of an empire.

Nothing in her aspect and demeanor caused more astonishment than her self-posession. She conducted herself with the dignity which proceeds from self-possession and deliberation. After her accession followed the proclamation, and then came the dissolution of Parliament, when Victoria as queen appeared in a crimson velvet robe trimmed with gold and ermine, a stomacher ablaze with diamonds. On her arms were diamond bracelets and on the left arm the badge of the Order of the Garter. Concerning the Garter, it is told that the young sovereign asked the Duke of Norfolk with an expression of perplexity, "But, my Lord Duke, where am I to wear the Garter?" No one could see a way out of the difficulty until the duke remembered a picture of Queen Anne in which the Garter is on the left arm. On this occasion the queen made her first speech, of which Charles Sumner wrote: "I was astonished and delighted. Her voice is sweet and finely modulated, and she pronounced every word distinctly and with a just regard to the meaning. I think I never heard anything better in my life than her speech."

The coronation at Westminster Abby took place a year later, and henceforth the girhood of the queen was a beautiful memory of the past.—Janet Sanderson.

THE ROYAL WAY.

Dear laughing eyes, I will not pray
That God shall never send you tears;
That cloudless sunshine, day by day,
Shall brighten all your coming years.
I pray that still through cloud and rain
Your inner depths may hold their light,
And under happiness or pain
You find the Father's meaning bright,
Reading in all life's mingled good
Your title of high womanhood.

Dear girlish hands, I will not choose
The softest daintiest tasks for you;
God send you strength to give and use!
God send his work for you to do!
The sacred ministry to need,
The round of household toil and care,
The binding up of hearts that bleed,
The girdling up of hearts that dare—
The labor of love's law made good
In royal years of womanhood.

Dear dancing feet, I would not make
Your path all smooth from thorn and brier;
The climbing road be yours to take,
The thorn-set splendid struggle higher.
God give you still life's springing zest,
Never content with what is past;
God grant you through earth's weariest
To walk undaunted to the last,
Climbing the steeps of hard-won good
To heaven's height of womanhod.

—Mabel Earle, in The New Guide.

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Manager's Report.

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January 1st, 1904, 28	$12,82.50	
January 1st, 1905, 27	1,772.50	
January 1st, 1906, 34	2,137.50	$ 24.21
January 1st, 1907, 47	3,600.62	52.65
January 1st, 1908, 53	3,905.39	128.17
January 1st, 1909, 55	4,029.08	628.57

January 1st, 1909, Undivided Profits, $1,618.54.

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1904—$14,058.49	1907—$29,357.64
1905—$19,688.69	1908—$41,926.17
1906—$21,028.67	

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MY SONG BIRD.

A fair little bird went singing away
Far over the bright blue sea,
And the spice-laden breezes blew that day
The sweetest that sweet can be.
The song remained, though my sight was dim
To follow his flight afar,
Yet I close my eyes and a vision of him
Comes like a falling star.
The bird, and the song, and my heart, are one,
Forever and a day;
When the shadows fall and the day is done,
The Song—it remains alway.

There's a flutter of wings, and my heart's quick beat
Gives answer of mate to mate,
'Till the song, and the echo oft repeat
The message with joy elate.
'Tis a simple song, only Love, and no more,
Yet 'tis swelling through boundless space;
It fills all the land from shore to shore,
And clothes all with beauty and grace.
Far back in the silence I sink to rest,
Letting go of all meaner things;
While the song of the bird and the down on his breast,
Bring a joy to be envied by Kings.

You may spread your wings as you will, little bird,
And fly far over the sea,
When my heart—repeating the song—you have heard,
You will always come back to me. —J. D. Buck.

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